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impossible in the twentieth century. It was slavery. "*L'Esclavage!*" cried the poor people, and the single word, with all that it contains of shame and misery, expresses the simple truth. But more insidious and far less well-known than the black shame of the enslavement of the Belgians—though this has been imperfectly realized—was that other crime, the complement of the first,—the attempt to kill the nation's soul. The German pronouncements made as part of the plan—a plan farcically unsuccessful—to set Fleming against Walloon, supply the last element of grotesqueness, as the Belgian reaction toward them supplies the last touch of righteous contempt, that is needed to complete the immortal tragi-comedy of the German occupation of Belgium. That the German Chancellor, playing well his part in the most pitiable of farces, should have expressed to four or five Flemish men, induced (to the disgust of all their fellow citizens) to assume the traitorous roles of alleged representatives of their country—that the German Chancellor should have expressed to this little group of puppets the most patronizing solicitude for the welfare of their "nation," at the very moment when his soldiers were plundering and slave-driving not only in other parts of Belgium but in the very provinces from which these so-called representatives came, seems incredible, but it is true.

Mr. Whitlock's book is well documented, and it is a great storehouse of facts. It gives a most informing and interesting account of the work in Belgium of the Comité National and of the Commission for Belgian Relief. In its picturing of personalities it is both unassuming and vivid. The great and benignant personality of Cardinal Mercier—to name the greatest figure in the book—is made to seem actual and human. The Spanish Minister, the Marquis of Villalobar, who worked so harmoniously with Mr. Whitlock—of him one would like to say much, but for the fear of talking about a real person too freely in the manner in which one discusses a character in a novel. It would be idiotic, of course, to suggest that Mr. Whitlock has made, as it were, novelistic capital out of the personality of his friend and co-worker. Yet it is hardly one's own fault, or Mr. Whitlock's, if the Marquis appeals to one as does an especially congenial part in a great play—the play in this case being a portion of a great world-drama. Finally in addition to possessing those qualities of accuracy and of insight which one may generally expect in diplomatic memoirs, Mr. Whitlock's book is, first and last, extraordinary in this: that it adequately and not too emotionally depicts the conflict of the soul of Belgium with the soul of its oppressor.

THE YEARS BETWEEN. By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

If one asks why it is that Kipling is so much more virile than most other English-writing poets of our time, one may find a general answer in the poet's union of moral intuition with imagination. Of all our poets and story-writers, Kipling is the most energetically moral. And unlike most moralists, he does not dislike life; on the contrary, he finds it endlessly amusing and endlessly tragic. His not being apologetic about ethical standards or about the soul is a great

element of virility—of life, of actuality, in his work. Kipling's poems are thoroughly alive because they contain so much of those two elements which are so often falsely dissociated from life—imagination and morality.

Thus it is, of course, folly to think of Kipling as primarily militaristic, or primarily a teacher of the romance of modern things. Kipling's primary characteristic is that he is moral—that he has somehow managed to preserve a faith in the human soul and in the human will. But the soul, in order to be interesting must be clothed upon with flesh, and must express itself through character. There is, therefore, a profound human truth, and a profound literary truth, in such stories as "007" and "The Ship that Found Herself": Character is the engine of the soul.

Kipling's imagination is concrete. He requires substance and a full-bodied fable to deal with. For a poet of strong moral intention and of concrete imagination, nothing is more natural than to love and exalt those institutions and those types of character that seem to express most fully and most vigorously, with whatever obstructions due to the vagaries of the mind and the flesh, the strength, the permanent nobility, of the human spirit. Hence the imperialistic note. Nothing is more natural for a poet of this sort than to find material in the past, for it is through the persistence of the moral traits in mankind that the past is vitally interesting to us, and times gone by furnish a richness of contrast with the present that sharply points the lesson of essential unity.

But this concreteness, this disposition to give to abstract ideas and ideals a historic body, may prove a limitation: Thus while it would not be far from truth to say that Kipling's poem, "France," is the most nearly adequate poem that the war has called forth, one must confess that one feels the poem to be scarcely adequate to its theme. The trouble would seem to be that the "fable," to use a convenient term borrowed from the vocabulary of the older playwrights, is not very convincing, and is even a little awkward—

To this end we stormed the sea, tack for tack, and burst
Through the doorways of new worlds, doubtful which was first,
Hand on hilt (rememberest thou?) ready for the blow—
Sure, whatever else we met, we should meet our foe.
Spurred or balked at every stride by the other's strength,
So we rode the ages down and every ocean's length!
Where did you refrain from us or we refrain from you?
Ask the wave that has not watched war between us two!
Others held us for a while, but with weaker charms,
These we quitted at the call for each other's arms.
Eager toward the known delight, equally we strove—
Each the other's mystery, terror, need, and love.

Now, the thought that two old foemen have at last clasped hands and have joined forces in a righteous war seems almost banal when one considers the overpowering duty of coöperation under the actual circumstances. Before the great issue, so fresh in our minds, the thought of nationality in the narrower sense, and of old national

quarrels, seems almost an intrusion. One cannot help reflecting, too, that the wars between England and France were an almost unmitigated evil, morally and otherwise, to both countries; and it would seem that the mutual training of France and England in valor bears only a very general relation to that splendidly humane and civilized courage which the former country, to say nothing of the latter, has exhibited throughout the late ordeal. Modern France seems to one not so much the outcome of a clearly traceable evolution, an evolution largely influenced by chivalrous wars with England, as a variation, a "sport" in nature's process of nation-making. France reveals civilization in a form more heroic than we had thought could be produced by the known forces.

What the theme seems to require is a somewhat more abstract treatment—a larger handling.

But as to the poem on "The Dead King"—a tribute to a personality, a type of character—the case is quite different. This is complete and satisfying. One wonders, not whether the poem is worthy of the subject, but whether the subject is worthy of the poem. And who in the world, except Kipling, could so move and amuse us with a poem about John Bunyan? "The Holy War" is satire, but it is satire that touches the heart.

Of more pungent satire there is no lack. Exaggeration is, of course, of the very nature of the satirical art; and they are fools who take it amiss. Satire aims not at *the* truth but rather at *a* truth; and "The Female of the Species" is an almost perfect piece of its kind. So is "Natural Theology," with its broader lesson, and its charming expression of vital truth in doggerel verse.

No poet has a wider field to range in, or finds more interest in life than Kipling—because he is moral, and because his morality is not the morality of the pulpits but the morality of "If." He has written a volume of poems more virile in thought, more resonant in versification, more varied in its appeal, than any poetic work that has appeared since *The Seven Seas*.

THE MASTERY OF THE FAR EAST. By Arthur Judson Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

As the title of a book which contains so much besides political discussion, *The Mastery of the Far East* is rather misleading. About Korea, the country, its people, its history, its economic conditions, its religious beliefs, its progress toward Christianity, the author writes very discursively, and he extends the same method of treatment to his discussions of Japan and of China. A certain want of decisive judgment, of adequate evidence or of adequate summing up, sometimes leaves the reader puzzled or dissatisfied. Thus, after writing much about the good and bad traits of the Korean people, the author practically dismisses the subject with the remark that all peoples have their faults, and that the Koreans are human. To estimate a whole people justly, is notoriously difficult, yet in such an attempt it is not unreasonable to expect that a little more definiteness should be attained.

An informing and also a somewhat entertaining book mainly about a little-known land and people, *The Mastery of the Far East* demands considerable patience of the reader. In acquiring information of real